Lydia Taylor

POEMS

ON

OCCASIONAL SUBJECTS.

By MARK SANDERS,

R

WRITTEN

Between the Fourteenth and Twentieth Years, of the AUTHOR's Age.

" IN every Work regard the Writer's end,
" Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
" And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
" APPLAUSE, in ſpight of trivial faults, is due.

POPE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE Author of the following ſheets, begs leave to inform the Public, as an Apology for their being preſented to the world that they were originally written only for his own Amuſement, in a ſituation by no means favourable to refined ſtudies, and at a time of life too when it is not to be ſuppoſed he could be perfectly acquainted, with the Arts and Beauties of Poetry— nor would they ever have ſeen the light, but for the *Aſſiſtance* and *Generoſity* of perhaps too partial a Friend, to whom, if the AUTHOR neglected thus publickly, to return his warmeſt thanks, he ſhould be much wanting in Reſpect and Gratitude.— To his generous Subſcribers alſo, he is under laſting obligations.

*** The Author is extremely ſorry, that he has been under the neceſſity of omitting the names of a great Number of his Subſcribers; on account of their being too late for inſertion.

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ODE

To Mr. SANDERS, On reading his Divine and Moral Poems.

HAIL to my Friend! For whom ſuperior pow'rs
Prepare their chaplets of unfading Flow'rs
On whom we ſee th' almighty hand beſtow,
Thoſe gifts, from which true bliſs can only flow;
To whom 'tis giv'n in this flagitious Age,
In Virtue's cauſe to ſwell th' inſtructive page,
In pity to allure the wand'ring throng
To ſweets divine, with thy enchanting Song,
This, This alone is the true Poet's part,
For this alone, Heav'n gave th' immortal Art.

WHEN Nature's Lord, bid Earth's creation riſe
CELESTIAL SONGS were heard throughout the Skies,
Their Theme, like Yours too— Praiſe to him above,
Inſpir'd like you with Gratitude and Love:
Our early parents in their bliſsful ſeat,
E'er torn by guilt from that exalted ſtate;
Yielded like you, in grateful Hymns their praiſe
'Tis grace dictates, and God approves ſuch lays.

IMMERG'D in Joys obſcene, ſee Sol'mons ſire,
Forſakes the Altar, and neglects his lyre;
No numbers now, the hapleſs Bard delight,
As vice and wiſdom never can unite
But lo! from heav'n, a gleam of virtue breaks,
And from his guilty trance the prophet wakes,
He ſtrikes! the pſalter ſwells with notes divine
He writes! repentance weeps in every line,
Amaz'd the world, both Jews and † Gentiles hear
And what he wrote ſhall lateſt times revere,
'Twas then alone when wrapt in thoughts ſublime,
Amazement! God's own heart was ſeen in him.

GO on then MARCUS, ſtill thoſe Themes attend
Which all the wiſe and virtuous muſt commend,
Which ſpite of cenſure and of time ſhall live
While Crowds the name of their own works ſurvive,
'Twas Themes like theſe, beſtow'd to MILTON's name
As long as Men ſhall read— a deathleſs Fame,
PRIOR by theſe, and PARNEL gain'd renown
By theſe, ſeraphic YOUNG obtain'd the crown,

Thou

† It is the opinion of ſome of our beſt Mythologiſts, that the celebrated Orpheus, was no other than the Prophet David.

Thou too immortal POPE ſupremely bleſt
Of Poets greateſt, as of Men the beſt
Whoſe ſtrains are ſuch, e'en Angels might repeat
In notions heav'nly as in numbers ſweet,
When earth ſhall yield to flames, as yield ſhe muſt,
And all material ſubſtance change to duſt,
If ought below can claim a longer date,
Or 'ſcape the doom, already fix'd by fate
Safe from the WRECK ſhall thy MESSIAH riſe,
And Saints in rapture waft it to the ſkies.

MARCUS, how oft have we at morning's dawn
As thro' the vale we ſtray'd, or croſs'd the lawn,
Spoke of theſe worthies with deſerv'd applauſe,
Whoſe pens were drawn in virtue's copious cauſe
If then ſuch thoughts were ours in early youth
Should not our years, encreaſe our love of truth,
Have we not found the world as ſages drew,
Light as the winds, as trait'rous friends untrue.
Oh! may th' unſtable things which meet us here
Teach us to ſcorn them for ſome happier ſphere.

J. BYRNE.

September 5th. 1778.

To Mr. MARK SANDERS, on hearing his intention of collecting and publiſhing his Divine and Moral Poems.

IN this licentious Age, when youth deſpiſe,
The grave inſtructive writings of the wiſe,
When nought but what is trifling vain or lewd,
On ev'ry moment of their time intrude:
When vice and folly, all their thoughts employ,
Which health and reputation ſoon deſtroy.
You Sir, have boldly ventur'd to depart
From ſuch aſſemblies,— and with honeſt heart
Perus'd the words of Life—which all the while,
Improve your taſte and elevate your ſtyle.
And like th' induſtrious Bee, have cull'd with care,
What's great, majeſtic, or improving there.
Which Hebrew Bards, or Britiſh Poets ſung,
From MILTON, POPE, GRAY, ADDISON or YOUNG.
No biting ſatire flowing from your pen,
But Angels language— * "Peace, good will to Men."
Such heav'nly truth's expreſs'd in ev'ry line,
Who reads, muſt own, they're Moral and Divine.

Proceed

---

* Alluding to his ODE on PEACE.

Proceed my Friend; in virtue perſevere,
Nor ſtand aloof! nor dread the ſcorner's jeer!
The wicked, and their works, are ſoon forgot,
And both together in oblivion rot.
While pious writings, like ſweet odours riſe,
Smell ſweet on earth, are grateful in the ſkies!
Purſue the path you trod, as heretofore,
For works like yours, will laſt 'till time's no more.

B. GIBSON.

September, 14th. 1778.

POEMS

ON

OCCASIONAL SUBJECTS.

ODE, on the SPRING.

I.

LO! where the fragrant Vi'lets glow,
The Daffodil and Primroſe blow
Fair Flora's train appear;
To beautify th' enamel'd ground,
To ſhed their vernal Odours round
And wake the infant year.

Now

II.

Now Morning ſmiles with roſy hue,
Fair nature wet with pearly dew
Puts on her livel'eſt green;
While Muſic breathing from the ſprays
Reſponſive to the Shepherd's lays,
Compleats the rural ſcene.

III.

Loud are the Lark's melodious ſtrains,
As riſing from the dewy plains
He mounts on tow'ring wing,
Aloft he ſoars at early day
And chaunts his ſhrill ſweet matin lay;
In honour of the Spring.

While

IV.

While in the ſhade or vocal grove,
With amorous Joy the turtle Dove
Repeats his Conſtancy:
The Cuckow too on flow'ry Buſh,
Join'd with the Black-bird and the Thruſh
In Concert ſweet agree.

V.

And downy Choirs with ſprightly Notes,
(That ſwell their little tuneful Throats)
Their grateful voices raiſe;
To Him who cloaths in winter's reign,
And feeds them with the ſcatter'd grain;
To Him they warble praiſe.

VI.

Not ſo much Gratitude we find,
Among the race of human-kind
Where more abundant's ow'd;
For bleſſings which kind parent heav'n
Has with unſparing bounty giv'n,
And favours yet beſtow'd.

ODE on WINTER.

I.

NOW ſable clouds ſhall dark the ſky,
And Boreas ſtorm by day.
Since ſurly Winter draweth nigh
And Summer ſteals away.

No

II.

No more the meads their verdure wear,
Nor bloom with Flow'rets gay
No more the Trees their bloſſoms bear,
Since Summer ſteals away.

III.

No more the fragrant Orchards fair,
Their ſtores around diſplay;
Nor gardens greater luſtre ſhare,
Since Summer ſteals away.

IV.

No more the Lark ſhall ſoaring ſing
His chearful Morning lay,
No more the groves with muſic ring;
Since Summer ſteals away.

V.

No more the Shepherd's fleecy care,
Thro' flow'ry paſtures ſtray;
No more to cooling ſhades repair
Since Summer ſteals away.

VI.

No more the Kid and bounding Fawn,
Their wonted gambols play;
No more they trace the ſpangled lawn,
Since Summer ſteals away.

VII.

No more the Laſs with empty pail,
At dawn of early day;
No more ſhe ſeeks the dewy vale,
Since Summer ſteals away.

VIII.

THE ſwains from off each riſing hill,
The dreary fields ſurvey,
And ſee by each encreaſing rill
That Summer ſteals away.

IX.

ADIEU they cry ye once lov'd plains,
Farewell ye ſylvan crew;
Kind Echo join'd their plaintive ſtrains
And ſoft reply'd Adieu.

X.

THUS ſang the ſwains 'till Cynthia roſe,
To beam her ſilver light;
Till darkneſs bid the Ev'ning cloſe,
And ſilence huſh'd the Night.

A Morning Invitation, to my Friend, J. B.

I.

TITHONUS' gates expanding wide,
Emits the golden Morn;
Sol's beams along the mountains glide,
And Nature's ſweets adorn.

II.

HASTE, haſte, FIDELIS to thoſe ſhades,
Where health and pleaſure reign,
And more, the kind Parnaſſian Maids;
With all their num'rous train.

III.

BEHOLD, what charms the ſcenes afford,
With flow'rets, flow'rets vie;
And hark! th' enchanting morning bird,
Salutes us from the ſky.

COME

IV.

Come then, beneath th' enamell'd hill,
We'll paſs ſweet hours away;
Or read beſide the purling rill;
Pope, Addison, or Gray.

V.

Thus ever happy may we live,
Thus ſtill from crowds remove;
Still taſte thoſe Joys which virtue give
And ſtill no other love.

VI.

And may we not as oft 'tis done
In vain thoſe moments ſpend,
But ſtill prepare as life glides on;
In Peace to meet its end.

Wrote extempore (at a Lady's Card-Table in Winter) on hearing *Monimia* ſay ſhe was going to the Country.

I.

THO' Meads their verdure now have loſt,
And Orchards fair old age aſſume;
Tho' Gardens ſtudded o'er with froſt,
Deny to ſhed a rich perfume.

II.

YET when MONIMIA deigns to view,
Thoſe dreary ſcenes of cold decay;
All nature round ſhall bloom anew;
In youthful forms ſerene and gay.

A MORNING

A Morning HYMN.

I.

AURORA wakes and from the Eaſt
Tranſmits a vivid ray;
With modeſt bluſh ſhe chearing ſmiles,
And uſhers in the Day.

II.

O THOU! whoſe Word creation form'd,
And parted day from night,
To thee with rev'rence now I ſing,
Thou Light of endleſs Light!

III.

CAN I forget, Lord, when I lay
In ſickneſs, pain, and woe,
Thy mighty Arm ſoon raiſ'd me up,
And gave me ſtrength to go.

IV.

Or when in infant ſtate I liv'd,
Quite helpleſs, void of ſenſe,
Thou, gracious Lord, was my ſupport,
My guide and ſure defence!

V.

'Twas thou who bid' my varying thoughts
In ſacred numbers flow;
My birth, my life, my ſoul and ſtrength,
All, all, to thee I owe.

VII.

And Lord, with gratitude I own,
Good, ſprings alone from thee;
But O! 'tis Sin, 'tis ſordid guilt;
'Tis Death belongs to me.

How

VII.

How oft' alas! do I offend,
And ſpurn thy holy laws,
Yet thou wilt deign to hear my cry,
And rectify my cauſe.

VIII.

Instead of endleſs puniſhment,
Which was my juſt reward,
Love, Joy, and ſweet Tranquility,
Thy mercies did afford.

IX.

Hail glorious God! to thee my Soul,
To thee my voice I raiſe;
To thee immortal thanks I give,
And everlaſting praiſe.

Advertiſement for a Lottery Office.

HOPE, darling HOPE! which never comes too late,
The guide to Fortune and the child of fate,
She aids the virtuous, comforts the diſtreſs'd
And prompts deſpairing wretches to be bleſs'd,
Her ways are pleaſant and her counſels juſt,
A Friend to all and ſteady to her truſt
Few ever quitting 'till ſhe can beſtow,
Her promiſ'd gift of happineſs below,
Haſte then her Sons (while Fortune ſhifts the ſcene)
To JOHN MAGEE and HOPE in College-Green;
Where well-conducted Lotteries enhance,
The ſtates of mortals and the work of Chance; Where

Where lib'ral Fortune waits the lucky's call,
Beſtowing Favours and inviting ALL.

To the Memory of the late Doctor WILLIAM DODD.

WHAT mean thoſe tears which flow from ev'ry eye,
Why grieve the juſt, what makes the right'ous ſigh,
Fair CANDOUR weeps, and MILDNESS droops her head,
And ev'ry virtue mourns that DODD is dead.
He's gone alas! whoſe Soul the ſacred cell,
Where piety and wiſdom lov'd to dwell;
He's gone alas! whoſe hours no pleaſure knew,
But what his mind from virtuous actions drew; He's

He's gone alas! whoſe hand ſo often bore,
The gen'rous PORTION to the friendleſs POOR,
He's gone alas! the patron of diſtreſs,
The Friend and Father of the Fatherleſs,
He's gone alas! —but O! let pity hear;
Breathe the ſoft SIGH and drop the gen-'rous TEAR;
Let CENSURE ceaſe and henceforth fear to blame,
Nor SCANDAL ever violate his fame,
But let this ſentence claim a juſt pretence,
The BEST have ERR'D in more than one OFFENCE,
His was but one— one crime alas! was all
This ſeal'd his DOOM, and this aſſign'd his FALL;
Yet ſuch his virtues in th' EXTREME we find,
As render Saints ſuperior to their kind.

On the Abſence of MONIMIA.

I.

YE limpid ſtreams that gently flow,
Along the verdant plain,
Receive from me thoſe tears of woe;
Thoſe tears of fruitleſs pain.

II.

Ah! ſay ſweet Maid for whom I live,
And ſigh whole days away;
How long muſt I thy abſence grieve;
How long wilt thou delay.

III.

Remote from thee no peace I find,
To calm my anxious breaſt,
Tho' ever abſent,— to my mind
Your image is confeſs'd.

IV.

O WAFT ye gentle winds my ſighs,
To ſweet MONIMIA's ear,
Ye ſoaring Larks who mount the ſkies;
Convey them to my fair.

V.

BUT hark! I hear the well-known voice,
Steal down yon bubbling ſtream,
Ye waving woods and plains rejoice,
My bliſs let all proclaim.

VI.

'TIS ſhe the keeper of my heart,
The balm of all my care;
Henceforth no pow'r on earth ſhall part
Me from my heav'nly fair.

CORYDON in LOVE.

I.

WHY heaves my fond boſom with ſighs,
Why thoſe do I wiſh to conceal,
And why do my languiſhing eyes;
The cauſe of my ſorrow reveal.

II.

WHY ceaſe I to ſhare and enjoy,
Thoſe pleaſures that daily invite,
And why do amuſements annoy;
Which often procur'd me delight.

III.

WHY quit I the woods and the groves,
Where ſilence and melody reign
And why does the cooing of doves,
Renew with freſh ardour my pain.

IV.

WHY throw I my muſic away,
My PIPE now neglectedly lies;
And why to myſelf do I ſay,
Ah! DELIA, your CORYDON dies!

V.

From ſhepherds from flocks and from home
From all I eſteem or admire,
From ſocial enjoyments I roam;
And wiſh from myſelf to retire.

VI.

SOMETIMES to the town I repair,
Still hoping ſome pleaſure to find;
But nought can diſpel the fond care,
That daily exiſts in my mind.

OH!

VII.

Oh! muſt I unpity'd complain,
In ſilence my flame to endure;
Ah! why are my ſighs all in vain,
Ah! can they no comfort procure.

VIII.

No comfort poor Corydon knows,
No comfort his woes can impart,
Contentment alone is repoſe;
Contentment is flown from his heart.

RELIGION, a POEM.

THEE I invoke Religion to my aid,
Come heav'nly goddeſs come celeſtial Maid,
With all thy train of virtues from above;
With ſmiles of joy and ever-chearing love,

O now deſcend and to my Soul convey,
One beam of thine, one intellectual ray;
One ſacred flame, dull reaſon's lamp to cheer
And ever blaze celeſtial comfort near,
Becalm the riſing tumults of my breaſt,
And lull my woes, my ſorrows all to reſt,
Diſpel corroding melancholy care,
Diſpel dull anguiſh, grief and black deſpair,
Diſpel each gloom, each ſad deſponding fear,
And gently wipe away the falling tear,
Let no depreſſion damp my tender joy,
Nor diſcontent my tranquil bliſs deſtroy;
But take, O take! poſſeſſion of my Soul,
And ev'ry thought of human life controul,
Cheer all my hopes of immortality,
And let me never, never ſtray from thee;

For

For what without thee can be deem'd
a bliſs,
What pleaſure's laſting or what happineſs,
What comforts pure but from RELIGION
flow,
The only true and perfect joy below,
Hail glorious pow'r! dear fav'rite child of
heav'n!
To whom the bright divinity is giv'n!
By whom creation firſt was taught to
move,
With pious order, harmony and love;
Whoſe ſacred force can ev'ry thought of
Death,
Familiarize and eaſe the parting breath;
Whoſe virtue plants true wiſdom in the
Soul,
Makes GODS of MEN and thus REFINES
the WHOLE.

ODE

ODE on GOOD-FRIDAY.

I.

WHAT means this ſolemn darkneſs all around,
This trembling impulſe felt in nature's womb;
Why rend the rocks, why yawns the parting ground,
And why unbarr'd is each ſad ſilent tomb.

II.

WHY ope the graves why ſtart the ſleeping dead,
Why bluſhes Sol as if with conſcious ſhame;
And why are all thoſe diſmal horrors ſpread
O'er Heav'n's high ſtructure and o'er nature's frame.

'TIS

III.

'Tis CHRIST— O matchleſs! O ſtupendous love!
'Tis CHRIST— amazement fill the vaulted ſkies!
'Tis CHRIST— who lately reign'd ſupreme above!
'Tis CHRIST— the Prince, the Friend of ſinners dies!

IV.

He dies!—He dies!—Hell tremble at the ſound,
He dies! O World to ſave thy deſtin'd fall,
He dies! attend ye guilty nations round,
He dies! to give eternal LIFE to ALL!

V.

O WHAT a picture of true love is this!
Was ever friendſhip half ſo perfect known,
Not one bought moment we enjoy of bliſs,
But coſt his ſoul and bleeding heart a groan.

HE

VI.

He heal'd the ſick, reſtor'd the blind their ſight,
He rais'd the dead and fed the needy race
He led us forth from darkneſs into light,
Inviting ALL to ſhare his heav'nly grace.

VII.

He bore the woes and ſuff'rings of mankind,
With meekneſs, love and ſweet complacency;
In him were found the father and the friend,
In him the SAVIOUR and the DEITY.

VIII.

To him be glory, thanks and endleſs praiſe,
Who died and roſe and reigns in heav'n ſupreme;
Let Angels now, and men their voices raiſe,
To magnify his everlaſting name.

The

The SECRETS an IMITATION.

LORD M—N—D *from his bed.*

'TIS now the dead of night, and half the world
Are in a lonely ſolemn darkneſs hid;
Yet I (ſo coy a dame is ſleep to me)
With all the weary courtſhip of my thoughts,
Can't win her to my arms, tho' ev'n the ſtars
Themſelves do wink, as 'twere with over-watch.
I'll to my bed, and once more try to ſleep;
Sleep ſeldom courts me but in dreams of woe,
[*Lies down; a groan is heard.*
Ha! what means that diſmal, that preſaging voice?
Sure 'tis the echo of ſome yawning grave,
That teems with an untimely ghoſt—'Tis gone!
'Twas but my fancy, which ever and anon,
Of late, conjures the people's murmurs, ſad,
To my deaf ear— no matter what I feel.
My eyes grow heavy, as if inclin'd to cloſe,
[*Sleeps.*

AMERICA *ſeems to ſpeak.*

AMERICA. O thou! whoſe perverſe, unrelenting thoughts,
Not all the terrors of thy guilt can ſhake,
Whoſe conſcience with thy body ever ſleeps;
Sleep on, while I, by heav'n's high ordinance,
In dreams of horror wake thy frighted ſoul,
Now give thy thoughts to me; let them behold!
My ev'ry WRONG, which ſhall inceſſant wound
Thy own devouring conſcience, gnaw thy heart,
And terribly revenge my murders——

Ghoſts of certain Murdered Families ſeem to Speak.

GHOSTS. M—N—D, dream on; and let the wand'ring ſpirits
Of thoſe, whom human butchers, like thyſelf,
Have ſlaughter'd to appeaſe thy thirſt of blood, For

For ever haunt thee thro' the vale of life,
And grate thy ſavage, thy inhuman ear!
Could not the CAUSE, wherein we were
embark'd,
The juſt and noble birth-right of our ſons,
Deter thee from ſo foul an act as this!
Such as was never known ſince wars began,
To bribe a ſavage race of blood-hounds
curſt,
For murd'ring fathers, children, wives,
and friends?
O! 'twas a bloody, cruel, barb'rous deed;
Therefore, with many others ſhalt thou fall,
Decreed to hell, by God and by the world;

[*The Ghoſt of General Montgomery ſeems to ſpeak.*

Could not the WRONGS thou didſt Hiber-
nia's WEAL,
And thine own country, whoſe inhabitants
Shall curſe the hour that M—N——D firſt
was born.
Could not I ſay thoſe various evils

Glut thy relentleſs ſoul— but thou muſt
thirſt,
Thou and thy fellow demons * for my life?
Unfeeling, thoughtleſs, and abandon'd
wretch!
Could'ſt thou ſo vainly think, that I, who
fought
In honour's cauſe, fair Liberty, and Truth,
Would ſell my country e'er I'd yield my life?
Oh! no, a thouſand new-invented deaths
I'd die at once, e'er I would live and be
A TRAITOR call'd, or deem'd an abject
SLAVE,
And, as a ſtateſman, VILLAIN I ſhould ſay,
Thyſelf I mean, my meaning none will
doubt,
Prove to my friends and country a curſe.
Wake then in all the GUILT of HUMAN
BLOOD,
Of ſlaughter, rapine and oppreſſion dire,
And let the wild deſpair, which now does
prey On

* the reſt of the Miniſtry.

On thy tormented thoughts and wounded mind,
Be to the world and ſtateſmen yet to come,
A great example for their better lives;
That they may, by thy CRIMES and FOLLIES, learn
To ſhun thy fate, and gain their country's love. [*Ghoſts vaniſh.*

M—N—D. Oh! ſpare— ſpare Montgomery, I do repent;
Spare, O! my life— hah! ſoft— 'twas but a dream;
But then ſo terrible it ſhakes my ſoul,
Cold drops of ſweat hang on my trembling limbs,
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror.
O! tyrant conſcience! how doſt thou ſting me!
Fain would I fly from THEE, and from MYSELF;
Dreadful retreating to the guilty proud.

[*Who's there.*

[*Enter Lord N—th.*

N—TH. 'Tis I, my Lord— the morn
is far advanc'd,
And all your friends, LORD S—FF—K,
P—TE, G—R—NE,
Are 'ready up, preparing for the houſe †.

M—N—D. Oh N—TH! laſt night
ſuch horrid dreams I knew,
Such as methinks were never known before.

N---TH. Shadows, my Lord! below
the ſtateſman's notice.
I would not have ſuch trifles diſcompoſe
Thy manly ſoul, or violate thy peace,
But give thy fears, the whimſies of the
brain;
Give them, as I do, to the whiſtling winds,
And as a M—N—D, be thyſelf again.

M—N—D. Now, by my ev'ry hope—
ſhadows to night,
Have

† The Houſe of Commons.

Have ſtruck more terror thro' the ſoul of
M—N—D,
Than could all London ready up in arm
Furiousvindictive by juſt vengeance prompt,
To ſlay in piece-meals or blow me into air,
N—TH. Be more yourſelf, my Lord; conſider well,
Were it but known a dream had frighted you,
How would your foes, your MANY foes exult;
For this, and thouſand other reaſons more,
I do conjure you be your former ſelf
At leaſt APPEARANCE ſhould DECEIVE the WORLD.
M—N—D. Cheriſh that thought! it ſhall —it ſhall be ſaid,
That fate itſelf could ne'er awe M—N—D's ſoul.
Tho' threat'ning fate is READY to DESTROY,

HELL

HELL can but get me HELL I've long
endur'd;
For I have known and felt— A WOUNDED
MIND.
Hence babling dreams you threaten now in
vain;
Conſcience avaunt, M—N—D's himſelf
again.

The little Maſter's ALPHABET,

A, Stands for America a free-born
Nation,
B Stands for Britain the SLAVE to Tax-
ation,
C Stands for Courtier, a Sycophant great
D Stands for Dupe the Crown'd-head of
a State,
E Stands for England now deſtin'd to fall,

F Stands

F Stands for FOLLY, the CAUSE of it all,
G Stands for G—R—NE, a HERO well known,
H Stands for honeſty out of date grown,
I Stands for Ireland the boaſt of proud fame,
K Stands for King LITTLE George is his name,
L Stands for Liberty a free Nation's right,
M Stands for Majeſty conquer'd by might,
N Stands for N—TH be him damn'd as he ought,
O Stands for Oraiſons † not worth a groat,
P Stands for Patriots now quite out of faſhion,
Q. Stands for quality the world's reigning paſſion,
R Stands for Rope for LORD M—N—D and B—TE,
S Stands for Scaffold and S—FF—K to boot
T Stands

† Alluding to the late Prayers for the ſucceſs of the Britiſh Arms, againſt the Independant States of America——

T Stands for torments the chains of a slave,
V Stands for vengeance that's due to the knave,
U Stands for unity the wish of the brave
W Stands for Watch, St. ANDREW's I mean,
X Stands for Xerxes ‡ who lost a Campaign
Y Stands Yoke which all freemen detest,
Z For mad Zealot in WESLEY confess'd.

‡ The modern Xerxes General Burgoyne.

EPITAPH.

On Mrs. MARGARET GELLING,

BENEATH this Stone in solemn darkness lies,
The Just, the Generous, Virtuous and the Wise,
Who while she liv'd was Saint-like here endu'd,
With

With all that's Noble, Beautiful and Good,
And ſuch the character ſhe bore thro' life,
A tender parent and a faithful wife
With that of Chriſtian, piouſly inclin'd,
With that of Friend affectionate and kind,
From Heav'n ſhe caught the good ſhe did retain,
To Heav'n She's gone to yield it back again.

An Apology to a few captious individuals, who found fault with the Patriotic ſpirit diſplay'd in a Poem publiſh'd by the Author (but which has ſince been loſt,) entitled *The Happy Government*.

I.

SAY ſhall the muſe whom love inſpires,
(Love of her country and her friends)
Shall ſhe retract when juſtice fires,
When juſtice ſelf approves, commends.

II.

Her crime ſhe'd own if ought could prove,
There was a crime in ſpeaking truth;
Till then ſhe'll never ceaſe to love,
The fair inſtructor of her youth.

III.

Nor will ſhe dread the frowns of thoſe,
Who dare to cenſure when ſhe's right,
Nor will ſhe fear her country's foes;
But drag the Miscreants to light.

IV.

With glory ſhall her boſom burn,
With glory which the Gods commend,
The Sword, the Pen ſhall each in turn;
For ever ſerve her country's end.

V.

FAIR liberty her glorious aim,
Juſtice and truth her ſacred laws;
Her prize the everlaſting fame,
Of fighting in HIBERNIA's cauſe.

VI.

HENCE let all factious babblers ceaſe,
All ſland'rous tongues be ever mute,
Hence let them know to their diſgrace,
That juſtice can her foes confute.

The COMPLAINT.

I.

IN vain do I wiſh to reveal,
My paſſion ſo fond and ſo pure;
In vain do I ſtrive to conceal
The anguiſh I'm doom'd to endure.

II.

MONIMIA the cauſe of my care,
For whom thus in langour I pine,
O was ſhe but kind as ſhe's fair,
No bliſs would be equal to mine.

III.

BUT ah! my fond ſighs are in vain,
My wiſhes, my hopes and my tears;
She patiently hears me complain,
But yet quite unmov'd ſhe appears.

IV.

O TELL the dear maid of my heart,
Ye pitying powers ſo kind;
O tell her no pain and no ſmart;
Are equal to thoſe of the mind.

ODE to PEACE.

I.

DESCEND, celeſtial PEACE! deſcend
On poor HIBERNIA'S wretched Iſle;
And O! for once her Sons befriend,
And cheer them with thy heav'nly ſmile.

II.

BID the loud Tongue of factious Jar,
Its note of clamour ceaſe to ſound;
Extend thy OLIVE BRANCH afar,
And reign in every nation round.

III.

LET crimſon CARNAGE too forbear,
Her rapine in each neighb'ring ſtate,
And Friends at home forget to wear,
The FROWN of DISCONTENT and HATE.

IV.

MAKE COMMERCE raiſe her drooping head,
Dame fortune's hand-maid cheer the while;
Give to the honeſt Tradeſman bread,
And bid the Sons of Freedom ſmile.

V.

THE injur'd States of Weſtern lands,
Belov'd of Men and Gods above,
To BRITAIN join with laſting bands
Of AMITY and ſacred LOVE.

VI.

THE POET too thy aid implores,
O! deign to grant him his deſire;
Aſſiſt, while o'er the page he pores,
And when he writes his muſe inſpire.

To

VII.

To him, CONTENT, thy ſiſter ſend,
To him while in the vale of ſtrife;
Be thou his guide, companion, friend,
Thro' all the buſtling ſcenes of life.

VIII.

HIDE him from folly, pomp and noiſe,
From bus'neſs, ſource of anxious care;
And give to him thoſe heav'nly joys,
Which virtuous PEACE alone can ſhare.

IX.

And at the awful hour of death,
Ah! gently cloſe his languid eyes;
Receive his laſt departing breath,
And point his paſſage to the ſkies,

A NIGHT PIECE.

NOW bluſhing Phœbus ſinking in the weſt,
Withdraws his rays and bids the world good night;
While ſilent darkneſs haſt'ning from afar,
Expands her mantle o'er the lurid air
And clothes fair nature in a veil obſcure,
What wonders now attract my eager ſight,
Delight my view and fill me with amaze,
What glories throng the ſpacious firmament,
Diſplaying light ineffable around,
Thou ſplendid Moon, thou lucent orb 'tis thee
True Image of thy maker's lovelineſs,
That 'lumes the ſable night and all thy train;
Thoſe monuments of ſweet celeſtial love,
Eternal!

Eternal! wond'rous! inexpreſſible!
O darling theme! O ſubject of my choice!
On thee with heav'nly contemplation pure
I could for ever dwell--- but how can man
Preſume to ſing thy praiſe in ſimple verſe,
Or where find words or eloquence to ſpeak
Thy worth immortal! matchleſs! infinite!
When Angels ſaw thee, they admiring ſtood,
Wrapt in amazement! wonder! and de-
light!
Proclaiming loud throughout eternity
With ſacred lays with hallelujahs ſweet
The praiſe that's ever ever due to thee
Of thee they ſang with never-ceaſing joy
Their joy was love, and love was all their
ſong,
Hail holy love! auſpicious child of heav'n!
Man's ſole redemption, everlaſting hope!

Man's conſolation, everlaſting bliſs!
Hail glorious pow'r! hail bright divinity!
Immortal ſource of ſanctity and truth!
Of right'ouſneſs! of fond felicity!
And bleeding mercy!— mercy without end!
Each thought of thee exalts my riſing mind
And opens wide eternity to view,
Oft do I think when meditating thee
I climb Olympus' tow'ry eminence
In company with ſaints and ſpirits pure,
Join harps celeſtial, endleſs praiſes join,
And hymn the God of nature---God of all!
O love! divine! 'tis thou that thus inſpires
And gives my ſoul its fancy'd flight to heav'n
Yet human thought falls very ſhort of thee
And ſhall the muſe with feeble pinions ſoar
Above the clouds! above Immenſity!

Shall

Shall ſhe attempt in mortal ſtrain to ſing,
On ſuch a ſubject nothing leſs than God,
For God the ſource of Godlineſs is love
Is love ſtupendous! love ineffable!
From him proceeds the good mankind re-
ceive
Which daily he in great abundance ſhow'rs
Down on his creatures univerſally
Nor does he want like mortal man from
man
The ſame proportion he ſo kindly gives
'Tis nought but love which gratitude de-
mands
The Maker, Lord and Deity requires,
For well he knows the feebleneſs of fleſh,
Its nature ſubſtance and infirmities,
And tho' we daily violate his will
He yet with mercy, pardons our offence
And like a ſhepherd tender of his flock,
Invites

Invites us wand'ring ſinners to his home
O! cannot ſuch ſtupendous goodneſs cheer
The ſmalleſt ſpark of gratitude within
The callous breaſt of man---- ungrateful wretch
Whoſe very thoughts are not exempt from ſin,
In ſin was death and human woe conceiv'd
And human woe without her mother ſin,
Could ne'er exiſt for both in nature's one
Why then do we poor fooliſh mortals plant
Thoſe roots of vice which ever will produce
The products ſorrow miſery and death
Much rather let us ſow in virtue's ſoil
The ſeeds of TRUTH, of PIETY and FAITH
Whoſe fruits are PEACE and RIGHT'OUSNESS and JOY,
And SANCTITY and everlaſting LIFE!

ODE

ODE to CONTENT.

I.

CONTENT, divine celeſtial maid!
Some conſolation now impart,
Procure to me thy balmy aid
And heal, O heal my wounded heart,
Each ſullen anguiſh diſſipate,
And ev'ry hope reanimate.

II.

Come take poſſeſſion of my breaſt
And calm forboding tumults there,
O ſooth my weary ſoul to reſt,
And make me quite forget my care
My care remove and in its place,
Plant pious joy and virtuous peace.

III.

SHOULD I of fortune's favours ſcant,
Live in the meaneſt ſtation here,
Yet would I think me free from want,
If thou ſweet nymph would viſit here,
For in poſſeſſion of thy love,
We ſhare what Angels do above.

IV.

O WHAT is honour, pomp and ſtate;
Content, when once bereft of thee,
Or all the ſplendor of the great
But care and deep anxiety,
Poſſeſſing thee not all below,
Is equal to the bliſs we know.

V.

In thee we find a ſov'reign cure,
For ſilent woe and penſive grief,
Thy genial pow'r, a balſam pure;
To wretchedneſs a kind relief,
Celeſtial nymph! in only thee
Man can enjoy felicity.

VI.

How bleſs'd is he who ſhares below
Thee, choiceſt gift, to mankind giv'n,
Whoſe breaſt no anxious care can know,
But reſts ſecure on thee and heav'n,
With thee he lives, with thee he dies,
And with thee claims his native ſkies.

MIDNIGHT a SONNET.

I.

THE weary now contented ſleep,
Unmindful of their woe;
While I unheard, unpity'd weep,
No conſolation know.

II.

THE true content I once enjoy'd,
Far from my breaſt is flown,
My tranquil undiſturbed mind,
A burden now has known.

III.

IN dead of night when all's at reſt,
I to the Moon relate,
The tender feelings of my breaſt,
And blame my cruel fate.

IV.

But darkneſs lends no friendly aid,
Nor ſolitude relief,
For ſilence, melancholy maid,
Gives recent birth to grief.

V.

Nor can ſociety eraſe
That which I now retain,
'Tis ſhe alone who ſtole my peace,
Can mitigate my pain.

VI.

Come then Monimia lovely maid,
Come heal the wound you gave,
Beſtow on me thy balmy aid,
And ſnatch me from the grave.

A MORNING PRAYER.

O THOU! to whom all beings owe
their birth,
Who reigneſt king ſupreme of heav'n and
earth,
Who out of CHAOS ſpoke this cheering
light,
And bid the day forſake his mother night,
Behold me now and to my pray'r attend
My tender father, Deity and friend,
Aſſiſt me Lord protect me thro' this day,
And from thy paths, let me not go aſtray,
Where'er I am, be thou my refuge there,
O'er ev'ry thought exert thy ſov'reign care,
With no temptation lead me to contend,
But rather Lord from ev'ry ill defend,
Give me thy grace and make me to fulfil,
The right'ous mandates of thy ſacred will,

My

My ruling paſſions and deſires controul,
Inſtruct my heart and guide my erring ſoul,
True wiſdom give with that of innocence
A ſtedfaſt hope and ſolid confidence,
And mighty Lord to whom all praiſe I owe,
Oh me a wretch thy heav'nly aid beſtow,
For man without thee, labours but in vain,
Each vice to ſhun, each virtue to retain,
Let no deſpondence damp my tender joy,
Nor diſcontent my tranquil bliſs annoy,
But daily Lord preſide o'er all my ways,
And teach me how to calculate my days,
Increaſe my faith, increaſe my charity,
From pride, from fraud and ſuperſtition free;
O ſtrengthen too religion's fervent zeal,
Let all my actions piety reveal,
And let my life thy ſweet reſemblance bear,
And heav'n my choice my wiſh and conſtant care.

HYMN to the DEITY.

I.

O THOU! who form'd the mighty womb of earth,
And bid the ſeaſons in due order roll,
Who ſpoke a world, creation fair to birth,
And breath'd perfection, thro' the ſwelling whole.

II.

Whose lib'ral bounty cloaths the verdant year,
In nature's ample actuating round,
Whoſe boundleſs mercies ev'ry where appear;
With life, with goodneſs and with bleſſings crown'd.

III.

To whom my heart, my ſoul and voice I raiſe,
To whom ten thouſand, thouſand thanks I bring,
Thine are the thanks, JEHOVAH, thine's the praiſe;
The endleſs praiſe, the gratitude I ſing.

IV.

O! LET me ne'er forget thy wond'rous love,
But call to mind thy kindneſſes to me,
O! let my thoughts and ev'ry action prove,
My darling hope and confidence in thee.

V.

WHEN in the depth of miſery I lay,
A hapleſs child of ſorrow and of grief,
Thy tender pity ſent a cheering ray,
A ray of comfort beaming kind relief.

VI.

THO' I rebell'd againſt thy ſacred will,
And wickedly thy precepts diſobey'd;
Tho' I embrac'd each black enormous ill
And from thy paths ſo obſtinately ſtray'd.

VII.

YET when my ſoul with true humility,
Confeſs'd its crime and ſought thy aiding grace,
Thou gracious Lord with ſweet complacency,
Beheld my tears and ſpoke me kind ſolace.

VIII.

O GLORIOUS Being! great nature's awful king!
(In rapture loſt! in wonder! and amaze!)
To thee with love, with gratitude I ſing,
Immortal thanks! and everlaſting praiſe!

ON

On the Abſence of MONIMIA.

I.

YE groves to you, I now complain,
O! ſooth my keen heart-rending pain;
Ye woods and vales O tell me where,
I'll ſeek to find my abſent fair.

II.

THRO' what dark arbour does ſhe rove,
Propitious ſeat for ſacred love,
Or near what chryſtal bubbling ſtream,
In rapture call on DAMON's name.

III.

O! would the fates, my wiſhes aid,
And bear me to the lovely maid,
No more I'd weep, no more I'd ſigh,
But ſpeechleſs on her boſom lye.

COULD

IV.

COULD I thoſe matchleſs charms poſſeſs,
Sure all would grudge my happineſs,
By mankind I muſt envy'd be,
MONIMIA fair, poſſeſſing thee.

HOPE, a POEM.

HAIL cheering HOPE! thou choiceſt gift of heav'n!
For wiſeſt ends to wretched mortals giv'n!
'Tis thou canſt calm the ſtorms of human woe,
And gently ſmooth life's paſſage as we go!
At thy approach, dull ſorrow, black deſpair
And diſcontent and trouble diſappear,
Misfortune, ſickneſs, care and penury,
Suſtain their ills, their direful ills by thee,

By

By thee we live and breath untroubl'd life
Regardleſs 'like of each contending ſtrife,
By thee, above mortality we riſe,
Triumphant ſoar and mount unto the ſkies,
Poſſeſſing thee we ſhare and we enjoy
What man can't give, nor time itſelf de-
ſtroy;
Come then fair child of parent heav'n, and
bleſs
My future days, with wonted happineſs,
A happineſs ſubſtantial and refin'd,
Fit to exalt the philoſophic mind,
Above this world let all my wiſhes ſoar,
Where human woes and evils are no more,
My guiltleſs views and aims let me confine,
To one great point— and O! that point
divine! Bend

Bend all my proſpects to that awful day,
When TRUTH ſhall BLOOM, when ALL
THINGS elſe, DECAY.
When thoſe who trifling vanities purſue,
Will find they ſought a tranſient bliſs
untrue,
This HOPE celeſtial happineſs beſtows,
From THIS celeſtial conſolation flows,
And fortitude and fervid zeal untir'd,
With piety and pure religion fir'd,
O! may ſuch virtue, captivating charm
Each miſled ſoul and ev'ry boſom warm!
May all mankind the cheering proſpect eye!
In HOPE exiſt, in HOPE divinely die!
Die unto ſin and ſin's obſcure abode,
But live, O live eternally to God!

ODE

ODE to SOLITUDE.

I.

HAIL penſive maid! ſweet SOLITUDE,
Siſter of peace and piety!
Friend of the virtuous, wiſe and good!
Sweet Nun I long to viſit thee.

II.

WITH thee to ſing my ſacred lay,
With thee to contemplate and praiſe,
With thee to meditate and pray,
With thee to end my future days.

III.

BLESS'D Nymph! who haunts the lonely lane,
And viſits oft' the ſilent ſhade,
Teach me that life is ſhort and vain,
A tender flow'r well known to fade:

THAT

IV.

THAT beauty, grandeur, wealth and ſtate,
And all the pomp of regal pow'r,
Await alike one common fate,
Await alike death's awful hour.

V.

TEACH me to ſhun the vice of youth,
Teach me to ſooth the ſtranger's woe,
Teach me to tread the paths of truth,
O! cauſe the gen'rous tear to flow.

VI.

FROM life's tumultuous ſtate of things,
Hide me in thy divine abode!
Where joy alone untainted ſprings,
From virtue and from virtue's God.

VII.

WHERE balmy peace, where wiſdom reigns,
And calm content and ſmiling love,
Where melody her ſweeteſt ſtrains,
In concert breathes with thoſe above.

VIII.

THERE let my years of riper age,
My lateſt hours of life decline;
Exploring nature's ample page,
And contemplating things divine!

IX.

THUS would I gently ſteal thro' life,
Thus would I to perfection ſoar,
Thus would I free from care and ſtrife,
Enjoy what's good and nothing more.

X.

Ye ſacred pow'rs! be mine the fate,
In humble ſolitude to know,
A virtuous free and tranquil ſtate,
'Tis all I aſk or wiſh below.

WINTER, a POEM.

NOW ſurly winter, from the frigid North,
Comes full array'd attended by his train,
Vapours and rains and ſtormy winds ſevere,
With nipping froſts and ſnows of virgin white
He throws his ſhades of darkneſs all around
O'ercaſts the ſky with clouds of ſable hue,
And choaks the air with lurid fogs and miſts,

Which

Which prove ſo hurtful to the aged race
Of Adam our grandſire, and mother Eve,
The cauſe of all our woe— for ere ſhe knew
And felt the pains of ſin, infirmities,
The woes of human life, were then to man,
A crowd of ills, of direful ills, unknown,
O wretched Man! once happy, free from guile,
From care, the bane of earthly happineſs,
And gloomy ſorrow, anguiſh and deſpair;
Yet not contented with thy bliſsful ſtate,
Soon found the way to ſtray from paradiſe,
(Where peace and joy eternally reſide)
And ſeek a world the manſion of diſtreſs,
Whoſe ſmootheſt paths are not without ſome thorns,
Which if man touch, they'll prick him to the ſoul,

But hold my muſe— reſume again thy theme
Of dreary Winter ſubject of your ſong,
That now preſages o'er the Britiſh Iſles,
Sterility and ſable ruin dire,
The roſcid meads once deck'd with flow-'rets gay
The ſpangled lawns and yellow fields of corn,
The fragrant gardens, orchards, groves and bow'rs
Compleat one ſcene of deſolation wild,
Hark! how the brooks in headlong torrents roll
Which ceaſe to murmur as they glide along
And raiſe a ſound melodious to the ear,
They flow in ſurges ſwell'd by heavy rains,
That fall inceſſant from the humid ſky,
And as they bellow ſpreading all around
A foaming deluge o'er the barren plains,

And ſcarce the Sun peeps thro' the clouded
eaſt,
Whoſe cheering rays illume the duſky day,
Foment and nouriſh, ſtrengthen and revive
The products of fair nature's fertile womb
Subſtantial proofs, ungrateful man receives
Of bounteous heav'n's pure eternal love,
Now ſnows deſcend and robe the fields
with white
The ſhepherd haſtens to his humble cott,
Where round him crowd his little prattlers
dear
To welcome home their fond indulgent ſire,
While gentle Phœbe partner of his heart,
Throws on the turf and joyfully prepares
The ruſtic meal to cheer her weary ſpouſe,
And pour new life into his fainting ſoul,
His tender flock deſerted and forlorn,

Neglected rove along the frigid lawn
Unmindful of their rural ſport and play
Some lie in cluſters near the thorny hedge
And ſip the ſnow and crop the welked plant
While others ſeek the covert of ſome ſhade,
To hide them from the gelid rains and winds.
And down the valley, or the ſteepy dale,
All clad with ſnow, the lowing heifers ſtray,
While o'er their heads the potent tempeſt hurls,
And from the mountains roll the floods of Ice;
Yet vicious Man! O wanton wretch! to pleaſe
To gratify his brutiſh appetite

Will dare to rouſe the fury of the Bull ‡
Sole lord and maſter of the ſpacious plain,
Can this be pleaſure, O ye ſons of vice!
To torture thoſe who never gave you cauſe
To act ſuch cruelty, is this the kind,
The juſt reward you give for all their toil,
Know then your actions and theſe barb'rous deeds
Have plac'd you far below the brutal race,
See from the thicket ſtarts the peery hare
Still doubting whither to purſue her way,
With many a pang ſhe dreads the virgin ſnow,
And ev'ry ſtep betrays her mazy flight;
The downy ſongſters haſt'ning from the ſprays,
No longer fill the groves with melody,

No

‡ A barbarous cuſtom, the lower claſs of people practiſe, which they call Bull-baiting.

No longer hymn their maker, God of all,
Nor herald larks ſalute the dawning day
Nor ſoaring chaunt their early mattins ſweet
All to the plains with rapid wing deſcend
And pick their ſcanty fare—while from the brooks
With haſty ſteps the fiſherman retires,
And ſeeks his hut the ſeat of calm content,
A treaſure which the miſer ne'er poſſeſs'd,
A bleſſing choicer than the wealth of kings
And like all bleſſings IT muſt come from heav'n,
The city ſwarms with people from afar,
The crouded ſhops with commerce now reſound
And in the ſtreets, echoing thro' the lanes
The noiſe of coaches rends the parting air;

Ye

Ye blooming nymphs, pride of HIBERNIA'S
Iſle !
Whom gen'rous pity and true love inſpire,
Be gracious ſtill to patronize our trade,
That no diſtreſs be known among our
Looms
And ages yet unborn, ſhall celebrate
Your matchleſs worth, and virtues juſtly
praiſe,
And in the volume of immortal truth
Your fame recorded ſhall for ever live
Now tumults huſh'd, dull night reſumes
her throne
The ſwains and laſſes croud the ruddy fire,
Some ſing theſong, ſome raiſe the merry joke
So joyouſly the tedious hours beguile
While BEAUX and BELLES to balls and
plays reſort,
Talk much of love and WISDOM of the age,

What

What vaſt improvements daily made in
dreſs,
Or in the Taverns, GREAT Mechanics ſit
Diſcourſing HIGH on matters of the State
And PLANNING rules to RECTIFY the ſame,
But ah! how many in bleak Garrets lye
Bereft of aid, oppreſs'd with ſickneſs ſore,
And through the want of neceſſary food
Unpity'd ſink, beneath the pale of woe,
O mortals! whom kind providence has
bleſs'd
With affluence, with eaſe and ſanity
Where's now the love humanity demands,
What's all your wealth without ſweet cha-
rity,
A virtue noble, God-like heav'nly born,
The man who wants IT is not fit to live.
All nature's now involv'd in balmy ſleep,
No noiſe is heard to violate repoſe

Since

Save what the winds and howling tempeſts raiſe,
Be this the ſeaſon which the peaceful muſe
For meditation chuſes as her own,
While man's, perplex'd with viſionary dreams
Let me exempt from deep corroding care,
In uſeful ſtudy ſpend the tacit night
And contemplate my fill—and when my ſoul
By thinking long grows faint, I'll lay me down,
Reſigning up to gracious heav'n its charge,
Then take my reſt unmindful of the ills
That 'tend this mortal, this precarious life
And ſleeping wake where SPRING eternal ſmiles.

EPITAPH,

EPITAPH,

On JOHN NORTH.

HERE lies a Man, who from his youth,
Was bleſs'd with Honour, Senſe and Truth,
In virtue's paths he daily trod,
His ſtudy was to pleaſe his God,
He felt for all in deep diſtreſs,
A Father to the Fatherleſs,
Not vain nor willing to offend,
To poverty a gen'rous friend
Benign to all, a placid mind,
He ne'er was known to wrong mankind,
Upright and juſt in all his ways
In right'ouſneſs he ſpent his days,
He look'd and ſaw his new abode,
He bid Adieu, and met his God.

On MONIMIA,

I.

MONIMIA is eſteem'd by all
Who matchleſs merit prize,
In whom 'tis own'd blooms ev'ry grace,
Eſſential to our joys.

II.

She's wiſe, ſhe's virtuous and ſhe's fair,
From affectation free,
She's humble, placid and ſincere,
She's truth and chaſtity.

III.

Her actions ſpeak a ſoul refin'd,
A ſtranger to caprice,
Her gen'rous, tender, artleſs mind,
A ſpotleſs mirror is.

IV.

HAPPY thrice happy ſure the ſwain,
To whom kind heav'n ſhall give,
A bliſs which ALL muſt wiſh to gain
That is, with her to live.

DELIA'S PORTRAIT.

IN DELIA's form and ſpotleſs ſoul refin'd,
Are all the virtues and the graces ſhrin'd,
In her (of taſte and judgement ſound poſſeſs'd,)
True lovelineſs and innocence's confeſs'd)
While manly thought, while heav'nly wiſdom joins
And modeſty in full perfection ſhines,
A foe to ſcandal, envy and caprice
Exempt from folly, fraud and avarice,

Unknown

Unknown to pride, unknown to vanity,
From arrogance and affectation free,
Bleſs'd with good ſenſe and inoffenſive wit,
Good-natur'd, humble, placid and diſcreet,
Courteous to all, affectionate and kind,
In conduct ſtrict, in goodneſs unconfin'd,
In reaſon bold, in condemnation ſlow,
And knows no grief— yet weeps at others' woe,
A handſome face adorn'd with blooming youth,
Revealing love, ſincerity and truth,
A perſon fine, in ev'ry part compleat,
Each limb, each joint proportionably neat,
A graceful carriage, a majeſtic air,
All animated and divinely fair,
'Tis virtue, fortitude and ſtrength of ſoul,
Preſerve, ennoble and adorn the whole.

ODE, on CHRISTMAS-DAY.

I.

THE day is come, ſalvation is at hand,
Man's great ſalvation, Man's immortal joy.
The gladſome tidings, ſpread thro' all the land
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue employ,
Let ſaints of light enhance the glorious theme!
Let mortals bleſs and hail th' auſpicious morn!
To-day a CHRIST, a DEITY ſupreme!
To-day a CHRIST, a DEITY is born!
To man is born, to man, in man reveal'd
With man's redemption on his forehead ſeal'd. HE's

II.

He's come, He's come, th' immortal
King of kings,
He's come great ſhepherd of the human
fold,
He's come with healing mercy on his wings,
Give ear ye deaf, and all ye blind be-
hold,
Behold the Lamb, the ſon of right'ouſneſs,
The dying Saviour, the eternal Three,
Behold the Price of everlaſting bliſs!
The Price of worlds, of man's eternity!
Eternity man's Hope! man's All above!
Eternity, a purchaſe made by love!

III.

Bow down ye heav'ns, to him your homage
pay,
To him who gave your blazing orbs to
ſhine,

Whoſe glory guides and gilds returning day,
With light, with heat and fulgency divine,
Whoſe influence exalts the riſing mind,
Whoſe wiſdom charms and captivates the ſoul,
Whoſe bounty acts thro' nature unconfin'd
And gives to life and harmony the whole,
To whom let worlds their hallelujahs raiſe,
To whom be glory and immortal praiſe.

The FARMER and ANTS, A FABLE.

IN human frames, what diff'rent minds,
Of human ills, what various kinds,
But ſure of all things yet accurs'd,
An envious, grudging ſoul's the worſt.

In

In Autumn one delightful morn,
When rip'ning Ceres did adorn,
The gardens, woods and flow'ry plain,
With mellow fruits and golden grain;
A Farmer walk'd his acres o'er,
To view his flocks and harveſt ſtore,
Each crop ſurveying as he went,
With heart-felt pleaſure and content,
At length by wearineſs oppreſs'd,
He gladly ſat him down to reſt,
'Twas on a little hillock's ſide,
Where he unnumber'd Ants deſcry'd,
All buſy drying grains of wheat,
Before the ſun's refulgent heat,
As they to make the Proverb good,
In ſummer lay up winter's food.

Enjoying

Enjoying each his liberty,
And living by their induſtry,
This curious ſight the farmer ſaw,
Not with delight or ſilent awe,
But accuſations and diſgrace,
Denounc'd againſt the emmet race,
Who thief-like creep into his barn,
And pilfer a few grains of corn,
Poſſeſſing what is not their own
And reaping that they have not ſown,
Free-booters! pillagers! exclaim'd
The farmer now with wrath inflam'd,
Who ſwore and made a ſolemn vow,
He'd quickly yoke his molehill plough,
And level all their habitations,
Their cities, fortreſſes and nations,

Diſperſing

Diſperſing them as curſed crews,
Of Jeſuits, Jacobites and Jews,
Who like court-ſycophants employ,
The greateſt favours they enjoy,
To hurt a ſtate, dethrone a K—G,
Or TAXES on a NATION bring,
Hold, hold your impious tongue, reply'd,
A ſturdy Ant who crept beſide,
The hollow remnant of a tree,
And rul'd the whole community,
Your ſcand'lous lies (on us forbear)
And once to wiſdom's voice give ear,
Know then proud Man (this truth retain,)
That NOUGHT is MADE, that's MADE in VAIN,

For

For the ſame God who formed thee,
From the ſame duſt, created me,
By HIM not only men ſurvive,
But Ants the wiſeſt inſects live,
Who have enjoy'd ſince earth began,
The gifts of heav'n as well as Man.

LOVE at firſt ſight, a POEM.

'TWAS in a PLACE where Man's DEVOTION's paid,
I firſt beheld the dear angelick maid,
Whoſe tender glance, undid my calm repoſe
And looks divine! that waken'd all my woes,

I gaz'd

I gaz'd with rapture, on her lovely face,
I view'd her form adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
I ſaw her beauteous as the ſmiling morn,
When ſpring drops fragrance from each
blushing thorn,
But O ye gods what tranſport ſeiz'd my
ſoul!
While o'er her cheeks a modeſt CRIMSON
ſtole,
Which flush'd a new unſpeakable ſurpriſe,
My ardent glances met her killing eyes,
Ye ſacred pow'rs I cry'd, who dwell above,
Preſerve me from that cruel tyrant love,
O guard me ſafe, nor let the crafty boy,
My peace and ſweet tranquility annoy;

Scarce

Scarce had I pray'd when with ſuch dex-
t'rous art,
He bent his bow and ſhot the fatal DART,
Which ſadly pierc'd my inoffenſive heart,
Triumphant then away the urchin flew,
And boaſting ſhew'd, what powerful love
can do,
While I e'er ſince, its potent fetters own,
And the ſad loſs of liberty bemoan,
With ceaſeleſs ſighs, whole nights I waſte
away,
And ſpend in tears, the long, long tedious
day,
But ſighs alas! no comfort can procure,
And tears prevent what patience might
endure,

'Tis

'Tis love alone by ſad experience found,
'Tis love alone, can heal love's lethal wound,
Come then, thou unknown cauſe of all my woes,
Come give my ſoul its wonted calm repoſe,
O come and be not leſs than gods above,
Delight with them—— delight in virtuous love,
Approve my paſſion, emulate the ſame
And recompence it, with a mutual flame,
Then will I bleſs thee, and my future days,
Then will I taſte what ſweet content can raiſe,

No gloom ſhall then invade my tranquil breaſt,
Nor ſullen grief my happineſs moleſt,
But free from care, anxiety and ſtrife,
I'll glide thro' all the changing ſcenes of life,
So great my bliſs, ſo great my joys ſhall be,
If gods could envy, they would envy me.

EPITAPH,
On the late DEAN DOMVILLE.

I.

LO! here the good man finds repoſe,
Secure from each contending ſtrife,
HERE end his griefs, his cares, his woes
And all the ILLS of mortal life,

A FRIEND

II.

A FRIEND he was to indigence,
To EV'RY kind of VICE a foe,
A tender guard to innocence,
And felt or ſhar'd another's woe.

III.

IN him, (by piety reviv'd)
The ſeeds of truth, were fully ſown,
In him each fond affection liv'd,
The virtues too were all his own.

IV.

HIS ſtudy was theology,
He found celeſtial wiſdom THERE,
His ſole employment charity,
And heav'n his HOPE and conſtant CARE.

V.

Sick of the world and all its joys,
He ſoon alas! indignant grew,
Then quit this ſcene of guilt and noiſe,
And eager to perfection flew.

ADVICE to a BROTHER.

I.

IN winter's cold and melancholy gloom,
When ſultry Sol, withdraws his cheering rays,
No peaceful muſe with friendly aid will come,
To grace thy brother's unharmonious lays.

II.

But O! my William from the feeling heart,
Where parent nature's ample ſeat is fix'd,
Accept the gen'rous wiſhes I impart,
With fond affection and good-nature mix'd.

III.

In this obſcure and dreary vale of woe,
Be heav'n-born virtue thy auſpicious choice;
From her celeſtial conſolations flow,
Which can the ſoul of piety rejoice.

IV.

Let truth, let wiſdom, o'er thy ways preſide,
Their precepts juſt, and dictates wiſe attend,
Make ſacred reaſon, thy unerring guide,
On THAT, your FAITH and future HOPES depend.

V.

HUMANITY grave deeply on thy heart,
And early plant religion in your breaſt,
Act well the pious chriſtian's honeſt part,
And leave, O leave to gracious heav'n
the reſt.

VI.

THESE deeds alone will cheer the ſullen
day,
Of ſickneſs, trouble, care and penury,
And guide us pilgrims, on our lonely way,
To life of bliſs and immortality.

VII.

COME then my William, while exulting
youth,
Within thy ardent, tender boſom glows,
Come liſten to the heav'nly voice of truth,
'Twill charm thy YEARS and give old
age repoſe.

AND

VIII.

AND when thy youth and manly vigour fail,
And chills of death, the pulſe of life benumb,
Then will thy works of piety avail,
And joyful wait thee to the ſilent tomb.

IX.

NOR will they there, in dull oblivion's night,
(Regardleſs lie) but with thy aſhes riſe,
Start from the tomb, triumphant take their flight,
And PHOENIX-like with thee attempt the ſkies.

X.

THERE to receive, to ſhare without annoy,
The promiſs'd bliſs, the father's clemency,
And THERE, O! THERE, eternally enjoy,
The full fruition of the Deity. THE

THE EFFUSION.

I.

'TWAS at the bluſh of early day,
Young Damon ſought the grove,
Where ſang the youth his mournful lay,
His ſong of hopeleſs love.

II.

How ſhall I, cries the love-ſick ſwain,
Forget my fond exceſs,
When tho' my paſſion is but pain,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

III.

I LOVE a nymph, whoſe beauty warms,
With more than uſual fire,
Whoſe unaffected wiſdom charms,
Whom all that ſee admire.

IV.

I LOVE a nymph, but ah! too well,
Replies my bleeding heart,
Since FEAR forbids the tongue to tell,
And hides the killing ſmart.

V.

'TIS ſilence then expreſſive maid,
Companion of my grief;
'Tis ſilence muſt procure me aid,
And grant my woes relief.

VI.

BUT as a truth 'tis oft' expreſs'd,
Quell'd flames moſt rig'rous glow,
And ſmother'd grief when moſt depreſs'd,
More fierce and pow'rful grow.

VII.

WHAT then can mitigate my pain,
Or cure my love-ſick mind,
What but my PEACE reſtor'd again,
Which I ſo late reſign'd.

A POEM, dedicated to PHOEBUS.

HAIL! glorious Orb! great parent of the day,
Whoſe luſtre gilds the high expanded ſkies,
And 'lumes this dark, this wide extenſive ball,
Thy cheering rays make glad the heart of man,
Diſpel the gloomy horrors of the night,
And add new glory to the bluſhing morn,
At thy approach the downy choirs rejoice,
Breathing ſoft muſic thro' the vocal groves,

The

The gilded hills, the meads and ſpangled
lawns
Full-painted robes of lucid verdure wear,
And ev'ry dale and ev'ry orchard ſmiles,
To thee each reptile owes its humble birth,
The flow'ry race the vegetable tribe,
Refreſh'd and ſtrengthen'd by thy genial
heat,
With recent vigour bloom, and round diſ-
play
Their maker's pow'r, benignity and love
And abſent from this mazy vale of tears,
This ſcene of woe, of ſorrow and diſtreſs,
The face of things, fair nature's gayeſt
pride,
Is quite involv'd in deep obſcurity,
No wonder then if mortals thee adore,
For all who ſee thy fulgency muſt own,
Thy potent might, thy majeſty and pow'r,

And

And bleſs JEHOVAH, Deity alone
Who is himſelf, the glorious eſſence pure,
Of light, of bliſs, and ſanctity divine!
O could I ſoar beyond thy boundleſs ſphere,
WHERE right'ous ſouls enjoy, their promis'd bliſs,
WHERE virtue reigns, immortal with her God,
WHERE modeſt worth, which ever knows a foe,
Is ſure to find a patron and a friend,
WHERE innocence and ſiſter chaſtity,
Sit high enthron'd with wiſdom by their ſide,
And fond ſincerity and ſtedfaſt truth,
Enjoying all the good they can enjoy,
WHERE the ſhrill trump of WAR ſhall never ſound,

WHERE TYRANNY and crimſon CARNAGE ceaſe,
To ſpread deſtruction o'er a ſlaughter'd world,
WHERE meagre DEATH, ſhall loſe his poiſon'd STING,
And SIN and PAIN and dire corroſive CARE,
No more diſtreſs the ſons of light and life,
Heirs to immortal happineſs and joy!
Ye heav'nly guardians of my better part,
Whoſe DAILY guidance leads where SAFETY dwells,
And NIGHTLY watchings kind protection lend,
O gently bear me to thoſe bliſsful realms,
Thoſe realms of PEACE, of never-fading joy!

THERE let me tread perfection's ſacred paths,
THERE let me trace the footſteps of my God,
In all the glorious lineaments of heav'n,
Bleſs'd with the father's clemency and love,
THERE let me feaſt on the immortal good,
And drink the fountain of eternal life,
Converſe with Angels, Saints and Spirits pure,
And join the vaſt, the bright celeſtial band,
Pour out my ſoul before the throne of grace,
Chaunt melody, of hallelujahs ſweet,
Chaunt melody, of everlaſting praiſe
And loſe myſelf in light ineffable!
And loſe myſelf in HIM the light of light!

ODE on the decline of SUMMER.

I.

FAREWELL ye cheerful DAYS and NIGHTS ſerene,
Ye ſmiling MORNS of roſy purple hue,
Farewell each verdant ſhade and ſylvan ſcene,
Ye rural mirths and pleaſures all Adieu.

II.

ADIEU for lo! the ſummer's ſuns decline,
And hoary winter now advances near,
To reign throughout the horizontal line,
And rule with tyrant ſway, the gelid year.

III.

To drown fair nature, with inceſſant rains,
And wide obſtruct the rays of HEAT and LIGHT,
To ſpread deſtruction, o'er the barren plains,
And all our hemiſphere condenſe in night.

IV.

Since then no more at golden dawn of day,
I'll trace the meads, the lawns and flow-
'ry fields,
No more thro' beds of yellow cowſlips ſtray,
To ſip ſweet health, and taſte what
nature yields.

V.

Nor to the Goſſips ‡ homely Hut repair,
Beneath whoſe roof celeſtial peace is
found,
And tranquil joy, and bliſs unknown to
care,
With roſy health and beauty ſmiling
round. Where

‡ A poor induſtrious Couple, who reſide near two miles from Dublin, in a moſt romantic and beautiful ſituated little houſe, ſurrounded by extending proſpects delightfully pleaſing to the eye, with a long winding road leading to it, which for beauty and rural ſweetneſs few of our grandeſt Avenues can excel.— where oft at bluſhing dawn and crimſon eve— The muſe has wander'd penſively along.

VI.

WHERE oft, I've wiſh'd ſecluded from the great,
From ſons of FRAUD, of flattery and praiſe,
In calm delightful ſolitude's retreat,
To ſpend the relict of my future days.

VII.

To count the fleeting moments as they fly,
With contemplation's philoſophic mind,
To live unnotic'd and unnotic'd die,
A ſtranger like to vice and humankind.

VIII.

BUT this is bliſs, 'tis happineſs ſupreme!
Too much for man in mortal ſtate to know,
Where life at beſt is but a flatt'ring dream,
A dream of comfort mix'd with certain woe.

WHAT

IX.

WHAT then on earth ſo fooliſh and ſo vain,
As human hopes, its wiſhes and deſires,
Whoſe ev'ry pleaſure's ſeldom without pain,
And joy that in poſſeſſion ſoon expires.

X.

THEN farewell dreams of worldly happineſs,
Farewell ye cheating viſionary crew,
Ye airy phantoms, ſhadows of true bliſs,
And all ye fleeting vanities adieu.

HYMN on NIGHT,

I.

LO! ſilent darkneſs haſt'ning ſpreads,
Her mantle o'er the air,
And throws her all-obſcuring ſhades,
Around our hemiſphere.

THE

II.

THE night how ſolemn and profound,
How ſilent all remain,
No noiſe in fair creation round,
Diſturbs her peaceful reign.

III.

SAVE where the cool refreſhing breeze,
And whisp'ring zephyrs play,
Along the groves, among the trees,
Or gently fan the ſpray.

IV.

Now rapt in ſleep the ſons of care,
Lie bury'd in repoſe,
While ſad remorſe and black deſpair,
Still haunt the guilty's woes.

V.

But where ſweet virtue's votary lies,
Soft ſlumbers bleſs his bed,
And happy dreams as viſions riſe,
And nightly crowd his head.

VI.

Thro' all the bright ethereal frame,
What orbs unnumber'd ſhine,
Diſplaying ſacred pow'r ſupreme!
And fulgency divine!

VI.

Hail thou immortal ſource of light!
Whoſe will directs the whole,
And guides the wand'ring ſtars by night,
From diſtant pole to pole.

VII.

To thee with gratitude and love,
I conſecrate my lays,
To thee who reigns ſupreme above!
To thee I give the praiſe.

THANKS to my friend Mr. NORTH, On a particular Occaſion.

I.

ACCEPT my friend the thanks I now impart,
Thoſe free-will off'rings of my ſoul receive,
Accept the breathings of a grateful heart,
'Tis all alas! my gratitude can give.

II.

MORE would I pay as tribute juſtly due,
If more could from my love and friend-
ſhip flow,
But what in love or friendſhip half ſo true,
As THAT which I to thee muſt ever owe.

III.

THEN deign to do as gracious heav'n does
ſtill,
Compaſſionate and pity human need,
And with a kind acceptance take the WILL
Where 'tis impoſſible to act in DEED.

The

The following Stanza, was written by the Rev. Mr. Philips, in Young's Night Thoughts, which he preſented to the Author, elegantly bound.

UNCOMMON Youth, to you this preſent's ſent,
Luxuriant thoughts, which pleaſure yield,
Review the work; it muſt give pure content,
A bleſſing great, an adamantine ſhield.

To which the Author wrote the following Reply.

MOST WORTHY Sir, your Book I read,
And thank you for the pleaſure,
Each thought, my ſoul with rapture fed,
And ev'ry thought's a treaſure.

REGRET.

REGRET.

I.

AH! ſay ye gentle ſhepherds ſay,
Have you my fair MONIMIA ſeen,
Along the meadow's flow'ry way,
Or purple mazes of the green:
So fair a nymph ne'er trod your plains,
Or grac'd the ſprightly circl'd ring,
She wins the hearts of all the ſwains,
And rivals FLORA of the ſpring.

II.

HER beauty's like the bluſhing Morn,
When dew-drops glitter on the roſe,
When fragrance ouzes from each thorn,
And nature's choiceſt ſweets diſcloſe:
Then ſay ye gentle ſhepherds ſay,
Have you my fair MONIMIA ſeen,
Along the meadow's flow'ry way,
Or purple mazes of the green.

Reflections on HUMAN LIFE. A POEM.

O THOU! who didſt Iſaiah's breaſt inſpire—
That prophet he, who ſang of things divine—
Breathe in my ſoul thy ſacred influence;
And bend my heart and riſing mind to thee!
Teach me, in numbers lofty and ſublime,
With teeming thoughts, adorn'd with language pure,
To ſing of life in all its various ſcenes;
A warfare of alternate grief and joy.
For, nought on earth ſo certain and ſo ſure,
As earthly ſorrow and uncertainty:
It's ſmootheſt paths no human foot e'er trod,
Which has not felt their ſharp, concealed thorns;
It's ſweeteſt draught no mortal yet imbib'd,
And taſted nought of the imbitter'd dregs.
Nor is the man, whom Fortune favours moſt,
Whom opulence and honours dignify,

Superior to the reſt of human kind:
For riches prove, at beſt, to be but care,
Corroding care, the bane of ev'ry joy;
And honours, titles oft' conferr'd on fools,
Which only ſerve, their follies or their crimes,
Conſpicuouſly to point to public view.
How oft the wretch, the griping wretch we ſee,
Poſſeſt of all that affluence e'er gave,
Penurious groan, and pine amidſt his ſtores,
His maſſy ſtores of heaped opulence,
In want of health, in want of ſweet content,
Two bleſſings cheaply purchas'd by a world,
If purchaſe could be made of things divine:
Yet ſome, through blinded ignorance obſcure,
And impotence of judgment and of thought,
Imagine riches happineſs on earth,
The ev'ry wiſh, and ev'ry want of man:
While others, more precipitant than they

Graſp

Graſp at the ſhadow for the ſubſtance pure:
Graſp at deſtruction, and embrace the ſame,
Ah! poor, miſtaking, blind, bewilder'd man;
Why are you led beyond the ſtable bounds
Of Reaſon's juſt and never erring laws,
By notions wrong, by ſordid Avarice,
And foul Ambition's falſe deluding wiles?
Can opulence ſweet ſanity procure?
Or calm content, or balmy peace beſtow?
Free human ſtate from cares, infirmities
And Sin, the mother of Mortality?
Bribe Death impartial, purchaſe length of days?
Or give the mind, the guilty mind, repoſe
When conſcience tortures, and ſeverely wounds?
If affluence or wealth, alone could bleſs,
None would be wretched but the indigent;
Whoſe healthful joys, and tranquil bleſſings pure,
Are daily envy'd by the higher world.

Let thoſe, whoſe ſole purſuit is happineſs,
Whoſe ardent wiſh and ſcrutiny's the ſame,
Attention lend, and from my councils learn
The only right'ous, true and perfect way,
The way, already pointed out to bliſs.
And, ſhall the Muſe, by heavenly truth
inſpired,
Attempt to fathom ſacred things divine!
Attempt to ſhew, on earth, felicity,
Inhabitant celeſtial of the ſkies!
The Muſe records, and what ſhe ſings is
good,
When Reaſon proves and juſtifies her ſong:
Her ſong is virtue, virtue is her choice,
Her prudent choice, her dear delightful
theme;
For, as ſhe deems—ſhe deems infallible—
That, to be happy, happy beyond doubt,
Is to be virtuous, pious, good, and juſt.—
This, this, O man, is happineſs on earth;
This is thy ſum of perfect bliſs below
(If aught ethereal, human can enjoy)

Which

Which all have ſought, but very few have found.
Deſcend, celeſtial Virtue, from above,
And breathe in ev'ry breaſt of human kind,
Thy influence, thy healing force divine;
That infidels may know thy potent pow'r,
Obey thy precepts, tread thy ſacred paths,
And ever own thee, lovely as thou art!
And ever, ever live to God, and thee!
A life that's long, how wretched is that life!
Since 'tis to know more miſery we live:
For, as the pilgrim bends his lonely way
Through ſome wild deſert whoſe unfertile foil
Is crouded o'er with thiſtles and with thorns,
Which ſore perplex, and pierce him to the quick.
So man, as 'long the vale of life he ſtrays,
Finds num'rous cares, and ills of various kinds,
In ev'ry ſtation of mortality:
Nor can he ſolely be exempt from ſuch,

'Till Death tranſplants him to another clime,
And yet, how many, helpleſs grown with age,
And bending down beneath the heavy load,
The heavy load of dire infirmities,
Have wiſh'd and ſorrow'd for a longer day.
The love of life is love of miſery,
Of various troubles, ſtrifes and endleſs woes,
Corroding evils, evils unforeſeen,
Which, monſters like, of a rapacious kind,
Inceſſant croud, and prey on all its ſweets;
And he, who wants to be exempt from ſuch,
From ſuch pernicious deſtinated ills,
Muſt quit the body of mortality.
Man, as immortal, was created pure,
A perfect image of the deity;
His ſoul eternal; liberty his will,
To call or earth or paradiſe his own.
Sin choſe the evil, and refus'd the good.
The good rejected, rent the womb of Sin;
And out of Sin, came Miſery and Death:

Sin

Sin ſow'd affliction, poverty, and care,
For ſons of frail Mortality to reap;
Sin ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;
And ſeal'd their final ignominious doom.
But Love ſtupendous! Love ineffable!
With Pity's eye look'd down from Mercy's ſeat,
With pity's eye beheld the fall of man,
And pour'd ſalvation on a guilty world,
Already tott'ring o'er the ſable brink
Of miſery and everlaſting woe,
Chriſt bled, to cleanſe and heal polluted ſouls,
To wipe the ſtains of lethal ſin away;
Chriſt died, to give eternal life to all;
Chriſt roſe again, that ſinners from the grave
Of ſtupefaction and corruption foul,
Might joyfully to pure perfection riſe:
His ſuff'rings, man's redemption and ſolace;
His death, man's hope, ſalvation and his bliſs;
His reſurrection—O delightful thought!—

His reſurrection, angels now reveal!
His reſurrection, man's eternity!
Eternity man dares to call his own;
Faith deems it his, and heaven believes it ſo;
Faith ſoars above, and lifts him to the ſkies;
Faith puts a crown of glory on his head,
And places death and hell beneath his feet,
Such is the ſoul whoſe reaſon is her guide,
Whoſe boaſt religion, piety and truth;
Whoſe love is Chriſt, whoſe confidence her God;
Who climbs the heav'ns and builds among the ſtars.
Her aim is glorious—glorious is her choice,
Her choice eternal, ſanctity commends:
But they whoſe faith, whoſe hopes ſoar not beyond
The narrow limits of mortality;
Who truſt in honour, affluence or wealth;
Who court the ſmiles of fortune, not of fate;
Who deem her ſmiles the ſun-ſhine of their bliſs;

Thoſe

Thoſe ſordid fools, thoſe brainleſs ſons of men,
Thoſe friends of Mammon, rather than of God,
Count wiſdom folly, folly happineſs,
And honour virtue— virtue but a name!
Alas! how abject how imperfect man!
How impotent, how fallible is he!
How inconſiſtent, mutable and vain!
His deeds aſſert the well-known truth I ſing,
His deeds are evil, impious and unjuſt,
His very virtues without error none,
His very virtues are but leſſer crimes;
Which Heav'n vouchſafes to pardon and forgive.
Along the lonely tacit vale of life,
How many ſtray unheeded by the world;
How many court the muſe unknown to fame,
To opulence, to flattery, and praiſe:
How many wretched helpleſs and forlorn,
Bereft of friends, of all—ſave innocence,

This

This very moment ſink beneath the pale
Of poverty; diſtreſs, and ſilent woe;
While others live in riot and exceſs,
In luxury, extravagance and pride,
Regardleſs of the hapleſs widow's moan,
Her orphan's cries—— their tender agonies,
And ſoft'ning looks, and tears that melt the ſoul!
Of her, who kiſſes the dear drops away,
And, bleeding, bids them ceaſe to flow in vain.
O hated world! O ſtate of ſuff'rings ſore!
O worſe than death, eternal miſery!
The ſcene of guilt! the pilgrimage of woe!
Where modeſt worth, where merit and where truth,
Where virtue's ſelf, and ſacred piety,
Neglected live, and unrewarded die;
Where boſom-friends profeſs but to deceive;
Where god-like ſouls, fraught with humanity,
With all the feelings tender and refin'd,

That

That e'er drew ſorrow from the human
breaſt,
That render man a ſecond Deity,
Bleed for the wretch with whom they ſym-
pathize;
But cannot give the bountiful relief,
Their gen'rous hearts and ſouls already
grant;
But cannot—cannot actuate what Heav'n,
What Heav'n itſelf complacently approves;
Who deigns to call the lib'ral will its own,
And graciouſly accept it for the deed.
Yet ſuch there are, whoſe weak, ignoble
ſouls,
Impreſs'd with ſin, low-minded, and im-
pure,
With ſordid love of affluence and wealth,
Doat on the world, infatuated live,
With ſo much guilt, anxiety, and fraud.—
The wretch!—for wretched is the man in-
deed,
Who builds his hopes on ſuch a ſandy ſoil,
A poor foundation, tranſient as weak;

Denies

Denies his God, and barters heav'n for gain.
Curſt is the fool, who forfeits the next world,
To drudge thro' this, and crawl in duſt below:
What doubts perplex and violate his peace;
What gloomy fears alarm his guilty ſoul,
And damp at once his pleaſures and his joys.
Grown old in ſin, and cloy'd with foul debauch,
Behold him ling'ring on the bed of pain,
Of malady, of ſickneſs, and of death,
With ſad regret, with anguiſh and remorſe,
With buſy Conſcience painting to his view
The laſt dread ſcene of paſt enormous guilt,
And all the diſmal horrors of the tomb!
He ſtarts! he groans! and raves! with hair erect;
He calls for friends, to ſooth his agonies;
And wine, ſtrong wine, to mitigate his woes.
But friends and wine, alas! ſmall comfort yield,

At the dread hour of ſtruggling with our fate;
So true he finds; for, frantic with deſpair
Of meeting no relief in this vain world,
In which were all his hopes and confidence,
He blames his folly, curſes his miſtake;
And dies, a wretch, diſguſted with mankind.
Such diſappointments, anguiſh and remorſe,
Will ev'ry vain, ambitious mortal meet,
Who leans on life, and thinks himſelf ſecure;
Who daily runs the tranſitory round
Of diſſipation, unſubſtantial joy.
Yet, cenſure not, ye ſons of toil and health,
Nor dare to think that I'm ſo rigid grown,
As to condemn the pleaſure and the mirth
Which reaſon 'lows, and innocence partakes:
For man ſhould live in amity with man;
For without friendſhip, and benevolence,
What mutual bliſs, what ſweet tranquility,

Can e'er exiſt among the human race?
By God's example we are taught to love;
To love is God-like, angels do no more:
To love with faith, the ſacred ſpring of life,
(Of life immortal! bliſsful! without end!)
From whence, we find, eternal comfort flows!
And right'ouſneſs! and pure felicity!
And perfect joy! delight ineffable!
That is the bark, the bark which ſafely bears,
Thro' all the wrecking, dreadful ſtorms of fate,
The chriſtian hero to that happy ſhore,
Eternity, the port of happineſs.
Eternity, O promis'd land of peace!
Bleſt habitation ſacred of the juſt?
When ſhall I trace thy ever-blooming plains;
When ſhall I feaſt on thy ambroſial ſweets!
When ſhall perfection ſatisfy my ſoul?
O! when imbibe my fill of ſanctity,

And

And ever, ever, loſe myſelf in thee?
In thee my hope, my wiſh and fond deſire!
In thee my ſummit infinite of bliſs!
In thee my triumph and immortal joy!
In thee, O ſoul-reviving thought, my all!
My all!—my all! Angels repeat the phraſe
Eternity! Eternity!—My all?

FINIS.

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